

ABSOLUTE

SUPERMAN



ALL IN

13+
TEEN 1



JASON
AARON
RAFA
SANDOVAL
ULISES
ARREOLA

Sandoval

THE DEADLIEST MOTHER-DAUGHTER TEAM-UP IN COMIC BOOK HISTORY!

Batgirl



© & ™ DC.



Cassandra Cain stars in
her very own solo series,
from writer

TATE BROMBAL

and artist

TAKESHI MIYAZAWA

**GO ALL IN THIS
NOVEMBER**



YEARS AGO. NINE MILLION LIGHT-YEARS FROM EARTH.

THE PLANET
KRYPTON WAS RULED
BY ITS CITIES.



SPRAWLING CENTERS
OF ADVANCED SCIENCE
AND ANCIENT LAW.

LIKE KANDOR.

WITH ITS LAB-
GROWN GARDENS AND
LAVA-POWERED
ENERGY PLANTS.

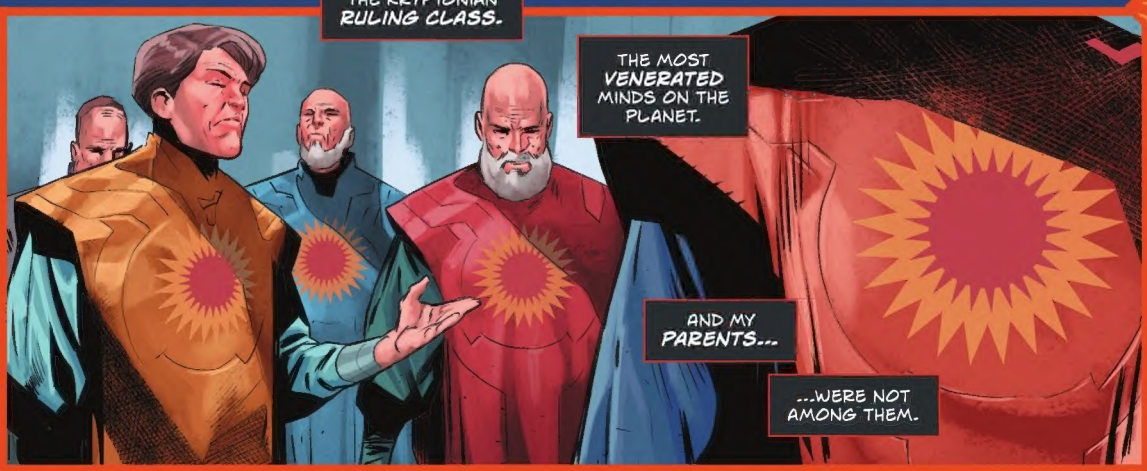
AND ITS SUPERCAPACITORS
THE SIZE OF SKYSCRAPERS,
MADE ENTIRELY OF
SUNSTONE CRYSTAL.



IN THE CITIES WORKED
THE KLERICS OF THE
SCIENCE LEAGUE.

HARNESSING THE
ENERGIES OF THE RED
SUN AND THE PLANET
ITSELF TO FUEL THEIR
INSATIABLE HUNGER...
FOR PROGRESS...
AT ALL COSTS.

THEY WERE
THE KRYPTONIAN
RULING CLASS.



THE MOST
VENERATED
MINDS ON THE
PLANET.

AND MY
PARENTS...

...WERE NOT
AMONG THEM.



RAIN'S
LATE.

YEAH, THE
SKY DEPARTMENT
MUST BE HAVING
TROUBLE MAINTAINING
CLOUD SYSTEMS,
WITH ALL THESE
GEMSTORMS.

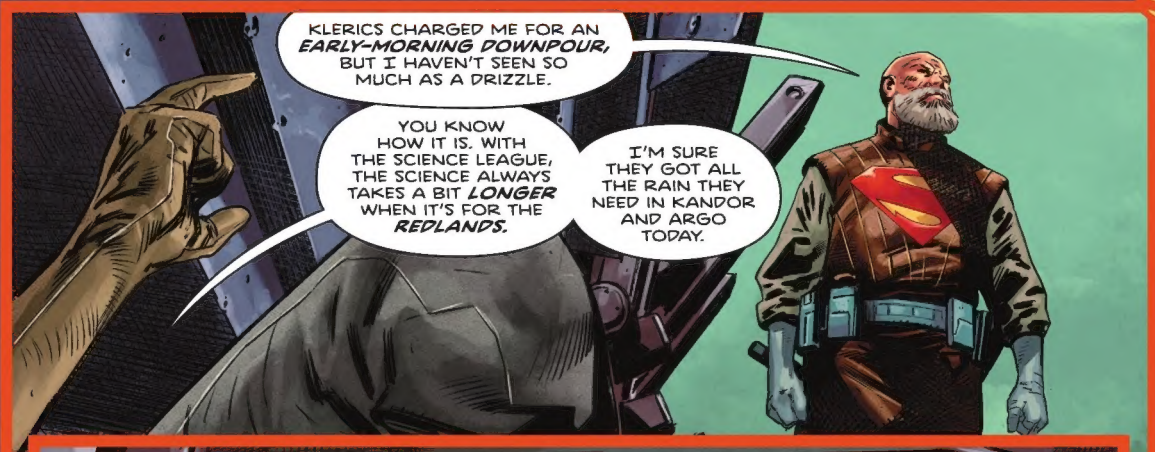
THEY SAY THE
ONE NEAR **XAN'S**
BEEN BLOWING FOR
FORTY DAYS, HAILING
SAPPHIRES THE
SIZE OF YOUR
FIST.

KRYPTON'S
ALWAYS BEEN
A **TOUGH** OLD
BALL OF SUNBEAT
GRIT, 'SPECIALLY OUT
HERE, BUT I
SWEAR, THESE
DAYS...

...IT'S
LIKE THERE'S
SOMETHING
WRONG WITH
THE DIRT.

MY
FARM REALLY
NEEDS THAT
RAIN.





KLERICS CHARGED ME FOR AN **EARLY-MORNING DOWNPOUR**, BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN SO MUCH AS A DRIZZLE.

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS. WITH THE SCIENCE LEAGUE, THE SCIENCE ALWAYS TAKES A BIT **LONGER** WHEN IT'S FOR THE **REDLANDS**.

I'M SURE THEY GOT ALL THE RAIN THEY NEED IN KANDOR AND ARGO TODAY.



DAMN IF YOU DIDN'T JUST SAY A MOUTHFUL.

RAIN BILL'S GONE UP TOO. WAS ALMOST 3000 KRIM THIS MONTH.

3000? THAT'S OBSCENE.

I COULD **BUILD** YOU YOUR OWN CLOUDSEEDERS FOR THAT.



SURE, AND WHEN YOU GET LOCKED UP FOR **ILLEGAL SCIENCING**, WHO'S GONNA FIX MY **HARVESTER?**

YOU'RE THE ONLY MECHANIC AROUND WHO'S BEEN ABLE TO KEEP THIS OLD GIRL RUNNING.

SHE'S A **CLASSIC**. FROM THE DAYS WHEN THINGS LIKE HER WERE STILL MADE BY SOMEBODY'S **HANDS**.

SEE IF YOU CAN FIRE HER UP.



YOU'RE A LIFESAVER, **LARA-EL**. WHAT DO I OWE YOU? AND DON'T SAY NOTHING.

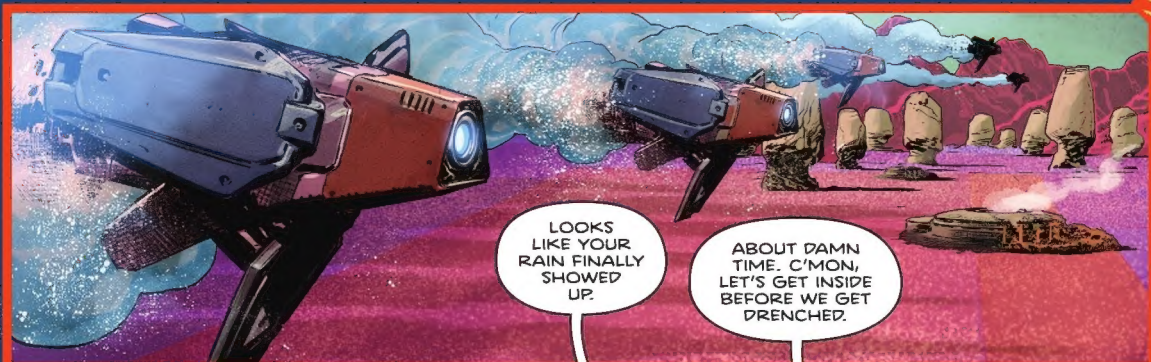
HOW ABOUT A BASKET OF **KRAWBERRIES?** THOSE ARE STILL **JOR'S** FAVORITE, AREN'T THEY?

HE'S GOING **UNDER** TODAY.



YEAH? WELL, HE MUST'VE GONE UNDER A THOUSAND TIMES BY NOW, RIGHT?

SO HOW COME **THIS** TIME...MY GUTS ARE ALL TWISTED IN **KNOTS?**



LOOKS
LIKE YOUR
RAIN FINALLY
SHOWED
UP.

ABOUT DAMN
TIME. C'MON,
LET'S GET INSIDE
BEFORE WE GET
DRENCHED.



LARA?
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?

YOU
PAID A LOTTA
KRIM FOR THIS
RAIN.



DON'T
YOU WANNA GET
YOUR MONEY'S
WORTH?

IN SCHOOL, MY MOTHER,
LARA LOR-VAN, WAS
AN EXEMPLARY STUDENT.
DESTINED FOR GREAT
THINGS, EVERYONE SAID.



UNTIL SHE WROTE AN ESSAY
CRITICIZING KRYPTON'S LACK OF
FUNDING FOR INTERSTELLAR
EXPLORATION.

FOR THIS, SHE WAS LABELED
"UNRULY" AND FORBIDDEN
FROM EVER APPLYING TO
THE SCIENCE ACADEMY.



SHE WAS
NINE YEARS
OLD.

SHE WANTED TO
BE AN ASTRONAUT.

THE CLASS STRUCTURE
ON KRYPTON DEFINED ALL
ASPECTS OF LIFE.

AT ITS PINNACLE
REIGNED THE SCIENCE
LEAGUE.



ON THE BOTTOMMOST
RUNG OF THAT LADDER...
TOILED THE LABOR GUILD.



CLASS DISTINCTIONS
WERE OF SUCH
IMPORTANCE THAT
CITIZENS WERE
REQUIRED TO WEAR
THEIR STATUS AT
ALL TIMES.

THE CREST OF THE
LABORER WAS SEEN AS
A MARK OF SHAME.

THE SIGN OF
THE POOR AND
UNSKILLED.



PEOPLE LIKE
MY PARENTS WORE
IT WITH PRIDE.

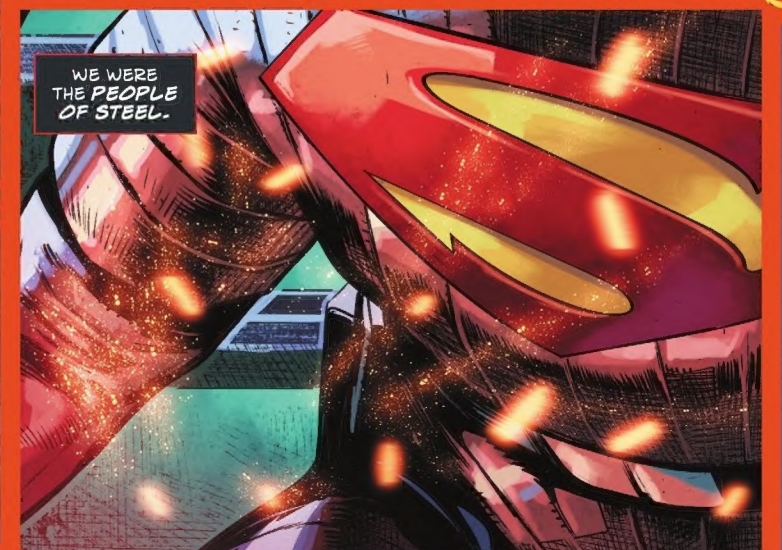


WE WERE THE CHILDREN OF THE
SUN, THEY SAID.

THOSE WHO
MADE THEIR WAY
WITH THEIR OWN
TWO HANDS.



WE WERE
THE PEOPLE
OF STEEL.



**WARNING.
INSTABILITY ALERT.**

**EVACUATE THE
MINE IMMEDIATELY.**



I'M
NOT SEEING
ANYTHING
AT ALL.

NO STRESS
FRACTURES. NO
DIMPLING. NOTHING
THAT LOOKS LIKE
THE START OF A
SINKHOLE OR
CAVE-IN.

YOUR
DIGGERS
ARE SURE
THEY HEARD
SPLINTERING?



SWORE
UP AND DOWN.
LOUDEST THEY
COULD REMEMBER.
AND THEY BEEN
GOING UNDER
SO LONG
THEY'RE HALF
SLAGRAT.

WE'VE SCANNED AND
SCANNED AGAIN. THERE'S
NOTHING BUT SOLID ROCK
AND SUNSTONE FOR FIVE
KLEKS IN EVERY
DIRECTION.

THERE'S NO
DANGER DOWN
HERE. JUST SOME
DIGGERS WHO LOST
THEIR NERVE. WE
NEED TO **REOPEN**
THE MINE.



BUT
YOU'RE THE
ENGINEER. IT'S
YOUR CALL,
JOR-EL.

I'M
LISTENING.
WHAT ARE YOU
TRYING TO **TELL**
ME, KRYPTON?

WHAT IN
THE NAME OF
URRIKA IS THE
MEANING OF
THIS?!



WHY ARE MY
WORKERS STANDING
AROUND TOPSIDE
NOT DIGGING
SUNSTONE?!

SAFETY
CONCERNS,
SIR. SOME OF
THE MINERS
HEARD--

I
SHUT IT
DOWN.

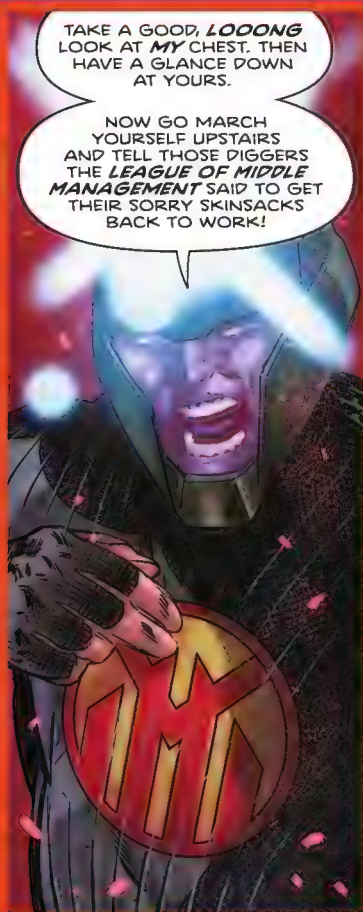
I'M HERE
FROM GEOLOGICAL
ENGINEERING, AND
I HAVE CONCERNS
ABOUT THIS MINE'S
STABILITY.



BASED ON
WHAT?! SHOW
ME THE STRESS
MARKERS!

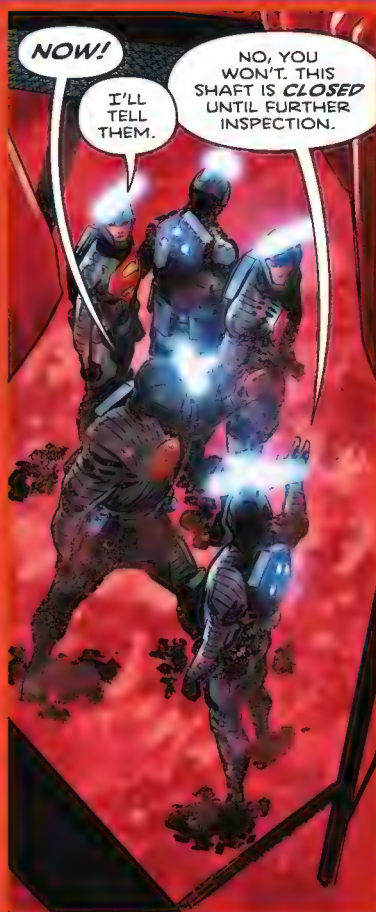
I'M STILL SEARCHING FOR
THOSE. I SUGGEST WE LAUNCH
DRILL PROBES, AND PLUMB
THE DEPTHS FOR--

I'VE GOT
A **BETTER** IDEA
THAT'LL SAVE US BOTH
A WHOLE MESS OF
TROUBLE!



TAKE A GOOD, *LOOONG* LOOK AT *MY* CHEST. THEN HAVE A GLANCE DOWN AT YOURS.

NOW GO MARCH YOURSELF UPSTAIRS AND TELL THOSE DIGGERS THE *LEAGUE OF MIDDLE MANAGEMENT* SAID TO GET THEIR SORRY SKINSACKS BACK TO WORK!



NOW!

I'LL TELL THEM.

NO, YOU WON'T. THIS SHAFT IS *CLOSED* UNTIL FURTHER INSPECTION.



YOU SHOULD ALL GET TO THE SURFACE. I'LL LAUNCH THE PROBES MYSELF.

JOR-EL...

YOU MUST BE ABOUT THE DUMBEST LABORER EVER CRAWLED HIS WAY OUT OF THE RED WASTES!



YOU'LL BE DIGGING DITCHES IN *MUNDURU TUNDRA* BY THE TIME I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!



MY FATHER, *JOR-EL*, WAS SET TO GRADUATE THE SCIENCE ACADEMY WITH IMPECCABLE MARKS.

RRRRMMBLE

A HIGH-RANKING
POSITION IN THE RULING
CLASS AWAITED HIM.

WHAT...
WHAT WAS
THAT?

RUN.

AT HIS GRADUATION CEREMONY
HE GAVE A SPEECH CONDEMNING
WHAT HE SAW AS THE SCIENCE
LEAGUE'S ENVIRONMENTAL
RECKLESSNESS.

KRAK
K-A-GRRRR

MY FATHER WAS
LAUGHED OUT OF
HIS GRADUATION.

OUT OF HIS POSITION
IN THE LEAGUE.

THEIR PILLAGING OF
KRYPTON'S NATURAL
RESOURCES WAS
ENDANGERING THE
PLANET, HE WARNED...

...AND WITHOUT DRASTIC
REFORMS COULD SOMEDAY
LEAD TO GLOBAL
CATASTROPHE.

OUT OF HIS
LIFE AS HE
KNEW IT.

RUN!

BUT HE
WAS RIGHT.



MY HOMEWORLD
WAS ROTTING
FROM WITHIN.

GGA-KOOOM!



THE TOWERING CITIES. THE
WIND-SWEPT REDLANDS.

GIVE
ME YOUR
HAND!

AAAAGH!

THE PURPLE FARMS AND
CRYSTAL FORESTS AND GREAT
GLASS MOUNTAINS OF KARD.



AAAARRRRGGGH!



THE SCIENTISTS,
THE LABORERS.

THE ELS.

ALL OF IT.

ALL OF KRYPTON
WAS DOOMED.

ALMOST
ALL OF IT.

NOW. EARTH. BRAZIL.

NO
SNOW TODAY.
MUST BE A
GOOD SIGN,
EH?*

*TRANSLATED FROM
PORTUGUESE --ED.

DON'T YOU THINK,
JOÃO? MAYBE GOD
WALKS WITH US.

PERHAPS
HE DOES, MY
FRIEND.

BUT ONLY
BECAUSE WE
ARE ALREADY
DEAD.

THREE DAYS AGO, THE
MIGRANT WORKERS AT
THE LAJES CREEK
DIAMOND MINE WERE
TUNNELING UNDERNEATH A
KIMBERLITE ORE BODY...

...THE TYPICAL
HOST MATRIX FOR
DIAMONDS...

...WHEN THEY CAME
UPON A LARGE DEPOSIT
OF ASBESTOS.

THEY WERE ORDERED
BY THEIR EMPLOYERS TO
CONTINUE DIGGING.

SO THEY DID.



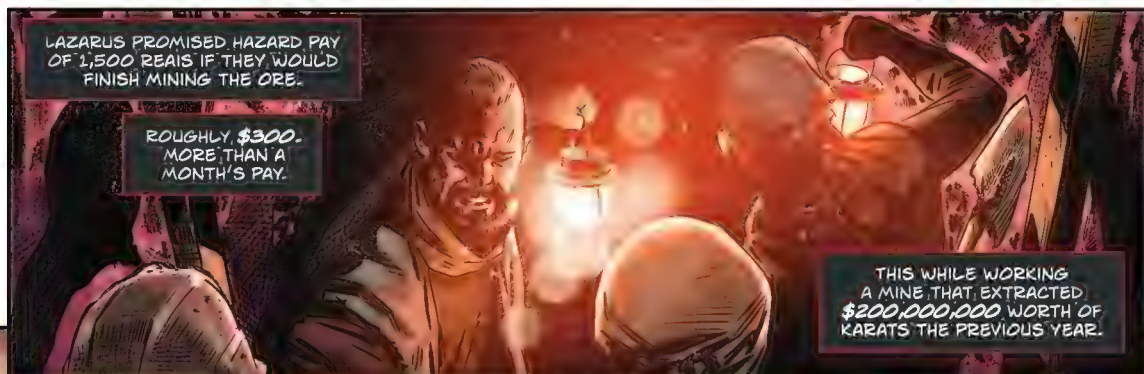
SNOW BEGAN TO FALL ON THE FAVELA OUTSIDE THE MINE, WHERE THE WORKERS LIVED WITH THEIR FAMILIES.

A BLIZZARD OF CARCINOGENS.



WHEN THE WORKERS TRIED TO LEAVE, THEY WERE REMINDED THEY WERE STILL UNDER CONTRACT TO THE MINE'S OWNERS, LAZARUS CORP.

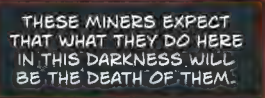
THEY WERE REMINDED OF THIS AT GUNPOINT.



LAZARUS PROMISED HAZARD PAY OF 1,500 REAIS IF THEY WOULD FINISH MINING THE ORE.

ROUGHLY \$300. MORE THAN A MONTH'S PAY.

THIS WHILE WORKING A MINE THAT EXTRACTED \$200,000,000 WORTH OF KARATS THE PREVIOUS YEAR.



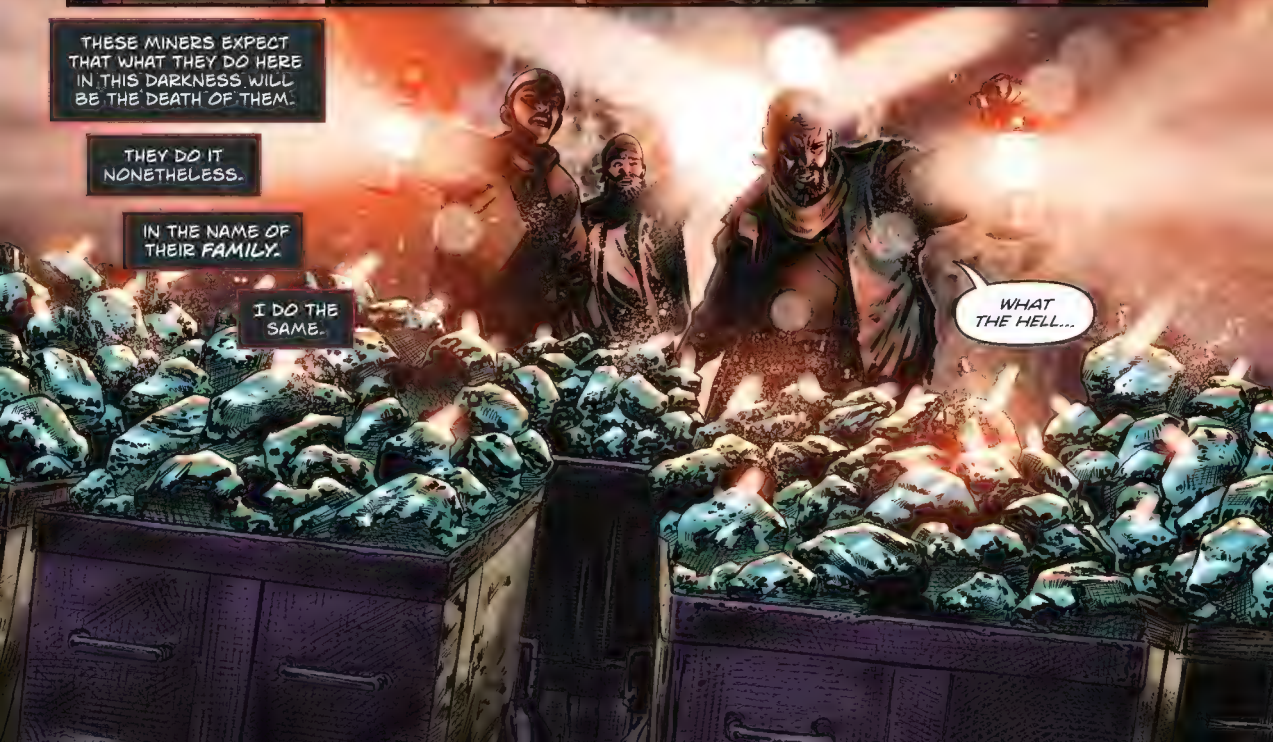
THESE MINERS EXPECT THAT WHAT THEY DO HERE IN THIS DARKNESS WILL BE THE DEATH OF THEM.

THEY DO IT NONETHELESS.

IN THE NAME OF THEIR FAMILY.

I DO THE SAME.

WHAT THE HELL...





DIAMONDS.

THE ORE
HAS ALREADY
BEEN MINED AND
CRUSHED.

THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE.
THE CRUSHER
HASN'T EVEN
BEEN USED.

AND
THERE'S NO
ASBESTOS IN
THE AIR. LIKE
IT'S SIMPLY...
GONE.



THIS
DOESN'T MAKE
ANY SENSE. WHO
DID THIS? WHO
WAS DOWN
HERE?

NO ONE
WAS DOWN
HERE. THIS IS
A MIRACLE.

THIS IS
MADNESS. WE
NEED TO TELL
SOMEONE.

NO.



WE SAY
NOTHING. OUR
WORK HERE IS
DONE, BROTHERS
AND SISTERS. DO
YOU UNDERSTAND
ME?

ALL THAT'S
LEFT IS FOR US
TO TAKE THESE
DIAMONDS TO
THE SURFACE.



AND
CLAIM OUR
PAY.



THEY'RE ALREADY
COMING OUT? WITH
DIAMONDS? THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE.

YEAH. YOU
HEARD ABOUT
BOTSWANA AND
DHARAVI? LOOKS LIKE
IT'S HAPPENED
AGAIN.



JOÃO, HOW
IS THIS POSSIBLE?
DOES THIS MEAN
THE OMEGA MEN
ARE REAL?

SPEAK
NO MORE
OF IT.

I'D NEVER SAY
A WORD TO THE
PEACEMAKERS.
NONE OF US
WOULD. BUT...

...WHO DO
WE REALLY
THINK DID
THIS?

THE PREVIOUS NIGHT.



IN THIS PLACE,
BEING ALONE
WILL KILL YOU EVEN
QUICKER THAN
THE MINE.



YOU
ARE
ALONE,
YES?

SORRY, DO
YOU NOT SPEAK
PORTUGUESE?

SOMEONE SAID THEY
HEARD YOU SPEAKING
SPANISH. ANOTHER
SAID ENGLISH.



OLD MATEUS,
ONE OF THE LAST
OF THE CINTA LARGA,
THE INDIGENOUS OF
THIS LAND, HE SWEARS
YOU ARE A WILD BOY
OF THE AMAZON
WHO SPEAKS ONLY
GIBBERISH.

I AM
SORRY, I
DON'T MEAN
TO PRY.

HERE
WE ALL
HAVE OUR
SECRETS.

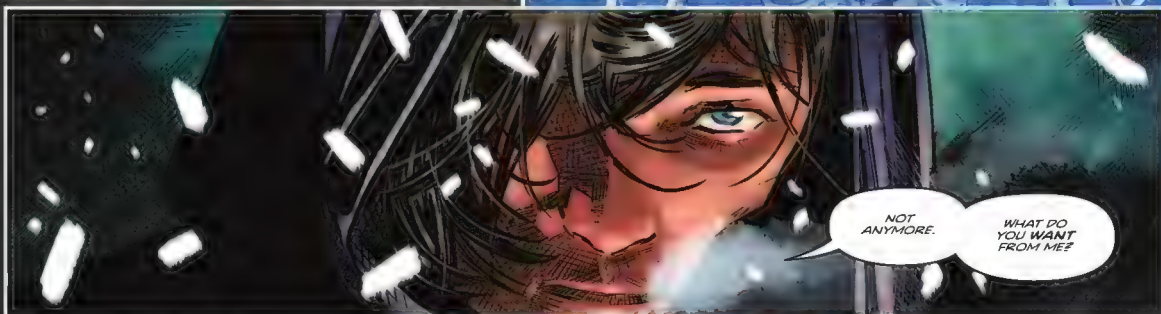


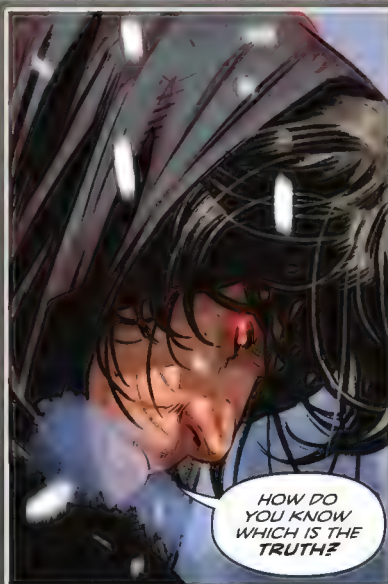
I AM
JOÃO!
DO YOU
HAVE A
NAME?



NOT
ANYMORE.

WHAT DO
YOU WANT
FROM ME?





NOW.

GLUGH!

YOU THINK
WE'RE STUPID?!
THOSE DIAMONDS
DIDN'T MINE
THEMSELVES!

SOMEONE
AMONG YOU
ENJOYS BREAKING
THE PEACE!

WHO
IS IT?!



AFTER
EVERYTHING
LAZARUS HAS
DONE FOR YOU
ANIMALS.

LAZARUS
MEANS LIFE!

BUT MAYBE
FOR YOU...IT
OUGHTA
MEAN--

SIR,
HEAD COUNT
COMPLETE.
ALL WORKERS
REPORTED FOR
THEIR SHIFT
TODAY.



"ALL BUT
ONE."

WARNING
PEACMAKERS
APPROACHING.
CONFLICT
IMMINENT.

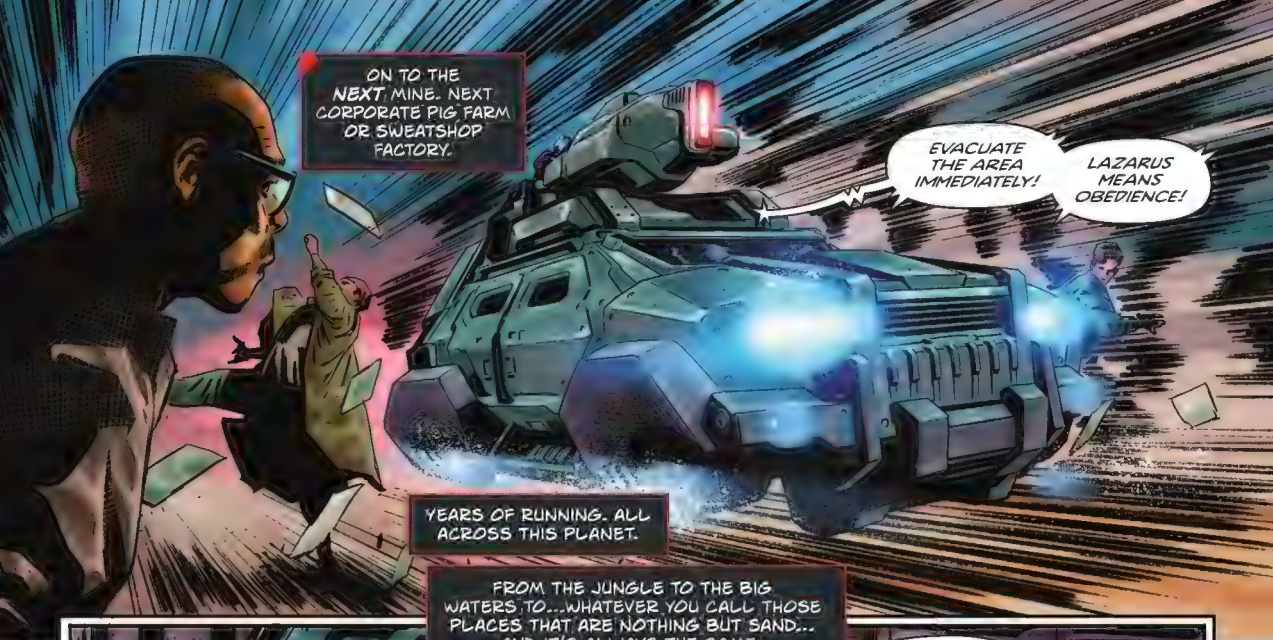


SOLAR CHARGING
SUSPENDED.

INSTIGATING
WAKE-UP
PROCEDURES.

0101 0101

I SHOULD HAVE
BEEN GONE.



ON TO THE
NEXT MINE. NEXT
CORPORATE PIG FARM
OR SWEATSHOP
FACTORY.

EVACUATE
THE AREA
IMMEDIATELY!

LAZARUS
MEANS
OBEDIENCE!

YEARS OF RUNNING. ALL
ACROSS THIS PLANET.

FROM THE JUNGLE TO THE BIG
WATERS TO...WHATEVER YOU CALL THOSE
PLACES THAT ARE NOTHING BUT SAND...
AND IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME.

MOVE!
EVERYBODY
OUT! NOW!

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?!
THERE ARE
CHILDREN
HERE!



ALWAYS
MISERY.

ALWAYS
LAZARUS.

EXCEPT THIS TIME, I'VE
LEFT MYSELF WEAK
AND SUN-STARVED.

YOU INSIDE!
COME OUT WITH
YOUR HANDS IN
THE AIR!

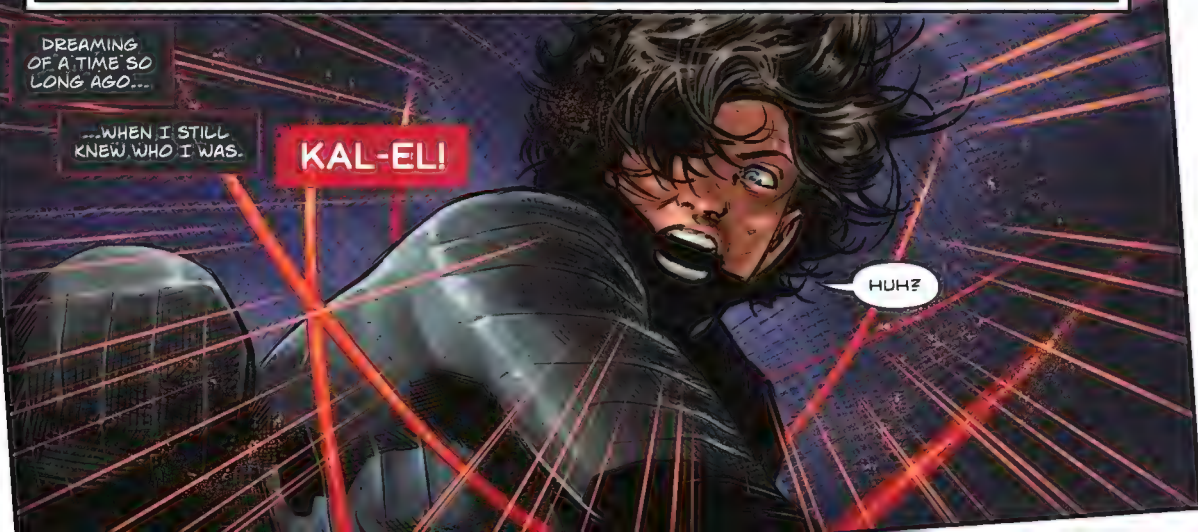
DO IT
OR YOU
WILL BE
SHOT!

DREAMING
OF A TIME SO
LONG AGO...

...WHEN I STILL
KNEW WHO I WAS.

KAL-EL!

HUH?





...I'VE GOTTEN
TIRED OF RUNNING.



INTERESTING.

LIKE THE OTHER LAZARUS CORP FORCES WE'VE ENCOUNTERED, THEIR WEAPONS AND ARMOR INCORPORATE TECHNOLOGY NOT NATIVE TO THIS GALAXY.

WILL THEY LIVE IF I HIT THEM?

YES BUT STILL ADVISE AGAINST.

-THAT.

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GONNA SAY, SOL, BUT WE'RE NOT LEAVING UNTIL THE MINERS ARE **SAFE!**

ROUNDS INEFFECTIVE.

ADJUSTING AMMUNITION.

PRINTING MAXIMUM CALIBER.

KAL @. THIS IS A PLANET OF COMBUSTION ENGINES, FANATICAL RELIGIONS, AND THERMONUCLEAR WEAPONS.

THESE PEOPLE ARE NEVER SAFE.

AND NEITHER ARE
YOU IF YOU INSIST ON
EXERTING YOURSELF
IN THIS MANNER.

YOUR SOLAR-
ENERGY LEVELS
ARE QUITE
DEPLETED.

THESE
WORKERS ARE
IN DANGER!

AND
IT'S MY
FAULT!

AND
IT'S MY
FAULT!

AND
IT'S MY
FAULT!

ALL I
DID WAS TRY
TO HELP!

GAAIRRGH!

MY
GOD... THE BOY
WHO SPOKE IN
WHISPERS.

IF LAZARUS
WON'T PAY YOU,
YOU SHOULD TAKE
THE DIAMONDS TO
SOMEONE WHO
WILL.

BUT
PLEASE, JUST
GET EVERYONE
OUT OF HERE
BEFORE--

KAL-EL
YOU MUST
LEAVE NOW

KAL-ELI

"ATTENTION
PEACEMAKERS! CALL
OFF THE **REAPER
DRONES**, YOU
BUCKET-HEADED
HALF-WITS!

THAT'S AN
ORDER FROM
**LAZARUS
COMMAND!**

THE
**DIRECTOR
HIMSELF**
WANTS THE
TARGET
ALIVE!

THIS IS THE
**PHENOMENA
FIELD TEAM,**
INBOUND!

AGENTS,
TELL ME WHAT
YOU SEE.

PHYSICAL
ABILITIES
BEYOND...GOOD
LORD, BEYOND
ALL HUMAN
SCALE.

DEFINITELY
THE SAME SUBJECT
AS THE BOTSWANA
AND DHARAVI
INCIDENTS.

LIKE BEFORE,
THERE'S SOME
KIND OF
INTERFERENCE
WITH THE
IMAGES.

IT'S THE **SUIT**. IF YOU
LOOK CLOSELY, YOU CAN SEE
IT SHIFTING, CHANGING SHAPE,
LIKE **LIVING ARMOR**,
PROTECTING HIM.

AND
SOMETIMES...
I'D SWEAR HE'S
TALKING
TO IT.

GOOD EYE,
AGENT.

"ALL RIGHT, BE READY
TO HIT THE GROUND
RUNNING AND
GUNNING, PEOPLE!"

KAL-EL, NO...
YOU KNOW
YOU CANNOT
CONTROL
YOUR--

GGRREERRRGGH!



HIS EYES!
WHAT'S HE DOING
WITH HIS--
GAAAGH!

AAAIIKRRRGH!

HRRRRHH!
ENOUGH!
SOL,
SHUT ME
DOWN!

KAL--

IT IS MY
MISSION TO
PROTECT
YOU.

TO GUARD
THE LAST-LIVING
VESTIGE OF THE
HOUSE OF EL.

SO I MUST
URGE YOU,
YET AGAIN.



DO NOT
ENGAGE

DO NOT RISK
YOUR LIFE FOR
THESE PEOPLE.

LEAVE THIS
PLACE.

RETURN
TO THE
SHADOWS.

PLEASE.



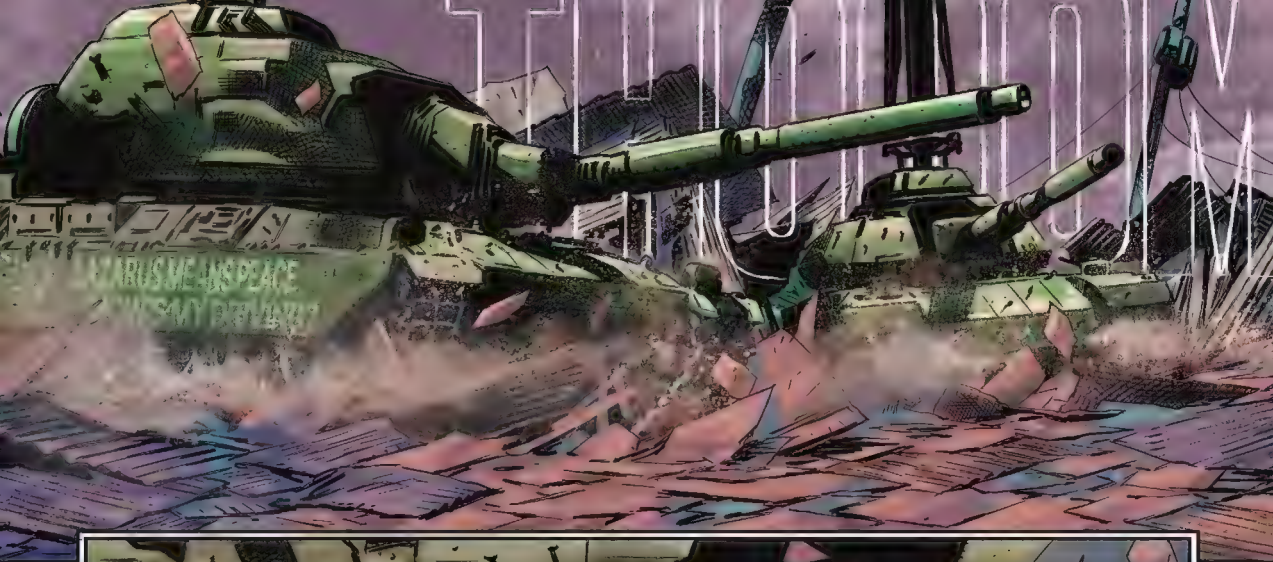
YOU MUST NEVER
FORGET THE LESSON
OF KRYPTON.



SOME WORLDS
SIMPLY CANNOT
BE SAVED.



NOT FROM
THEMSELVES.





THIS IS
AGENT LANE!
SUSPECT IN
CUSTODY!

MOVE AND
I FRY YOUR
FACE!

"SUPERMAN"!

ABSOLUTE SUPERMAN

LAST DUST OF KRYPTON

PART ONE

DOWN IN THE DIRT

SUPERMAN CREATED
BY JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER.
BY SPECIAL
ARRANGEMENT
WITH THE JERRY
SIEGEL FAMILY.

JASON AARON *WRITER*
RAFA SANDOVAL *ARTIST*
ULISES ARREOLA *COLORIST*
BECCA CAREY *LETTERER*

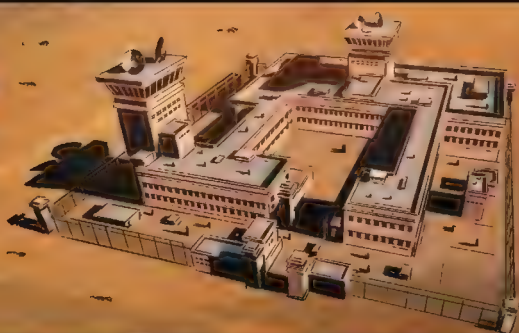
RAFA SANDOVAL &
ULISES ARREOLA *COVER*

JIM LEE, SCOTT WILLIAMS &
ALEX SINCLAIR
WES CRAIG & MIKE SPICER
CLAYTON CRAIN
MATTEO SCALERA
VARIANT COVERS

ASH PADILLA *ASSISTANT
EDITOR*
CHRIS CONROY *EDITOR*

SPECIAL THANKS TO
RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE

THE NEVADA DESERT.



LAZARUS
R.D.
DEPARTMENT

WELL
NOW...

...WHAT
HAVE WE
HERE?

AAAAAARGHHH!

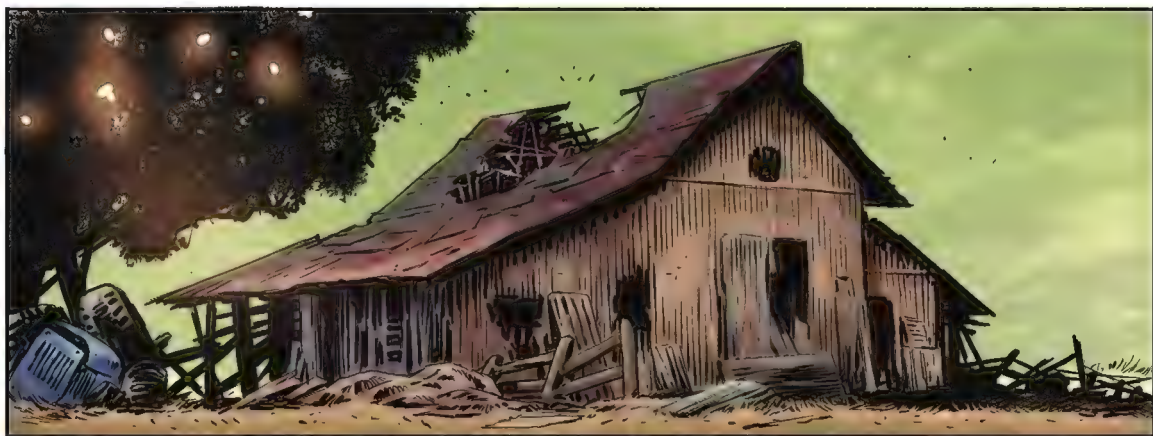
GGGAAHHHHH!

A
SCRUMPTIOUS
NEW TOY.

WONDER
WHERE YOU CAME
FROM?

WILL LIST
PLEASE? KILL
US!

**CENTRAL
KANSAS.**



YEARS AGO. KRYPTON. THE REDLANDS.





JOR-EL!



THESE LOOK LIKE RADIATION BURNS. WHAT HAPPENED?

WAS THERE AN ACCIDENT AT THE MINE? WHY AREN'T YOU IN A HOSPITAL?

OF COURSE, THERE MUST BE TESTING BEFORE I CAN SAY FOR SURE. I'LL NEED TO GET STARTED RIGHT AWAY. RIGHT AWAY...



JOR, IT'S ME. TELL ME WHAT THIS IS. TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENED.

LARA...?

WE CAN'T TELL ANYONE YET, YOU UNDERSTAND? NOT UNTIL WE'RE CERTAIN. WE MUST BE CERTAIN.

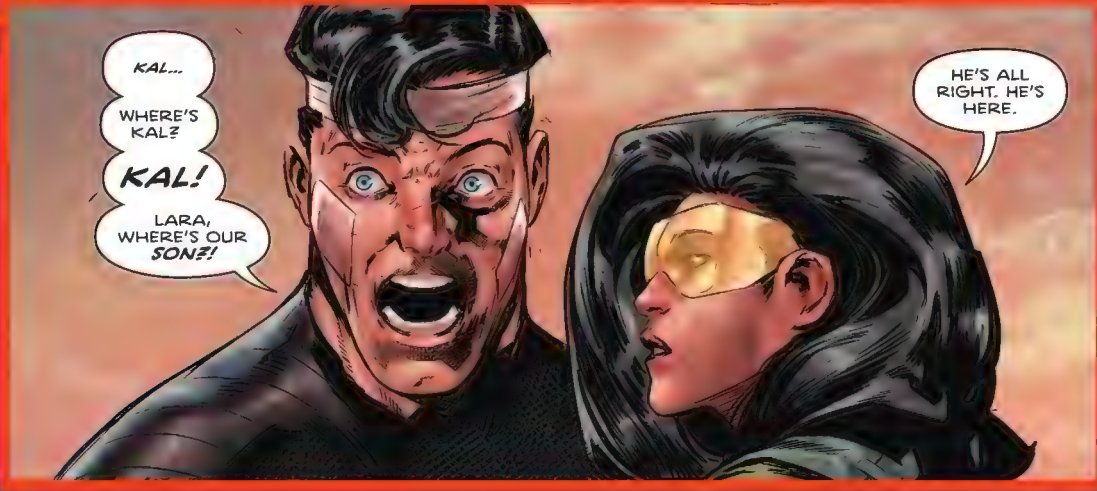
BEFORE WE WARN THE WORLD.



LOOK AT IT, LARA. THE BEAUTY OF IT. I WANT US TO...TO REMEMBER IT LIKE THIS.

ONCE IT'S GONE.

GONE? NO...JOR-EL, TELL ME YOU DON'T MEAN...



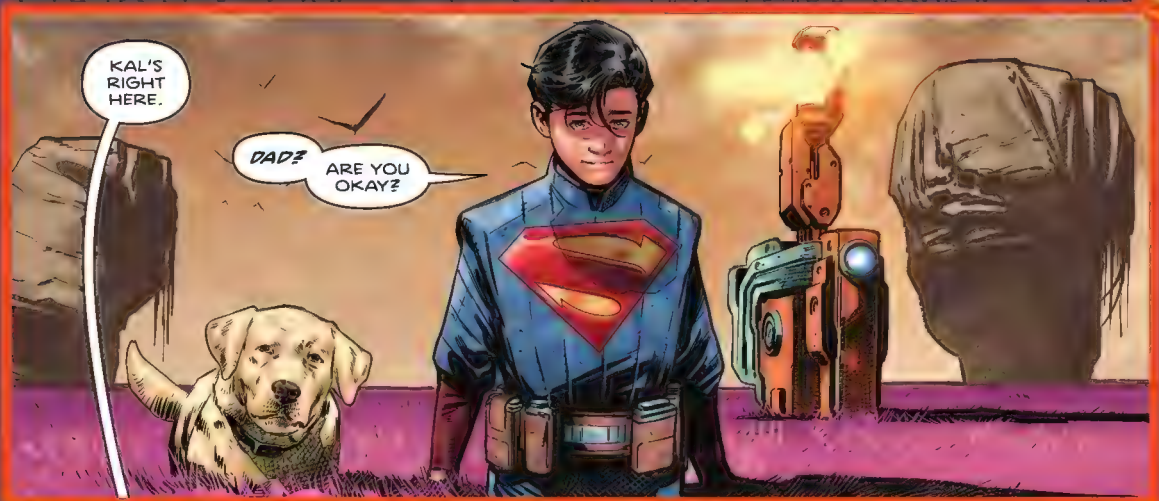
KAL...

WHERE'S KAL?

KAL!

LARA, WHERE'S OUR SON?!

HE'S ALL RIGHT. HE'S HERE.



KAL'S
RIGHT
HERE.

DAD?

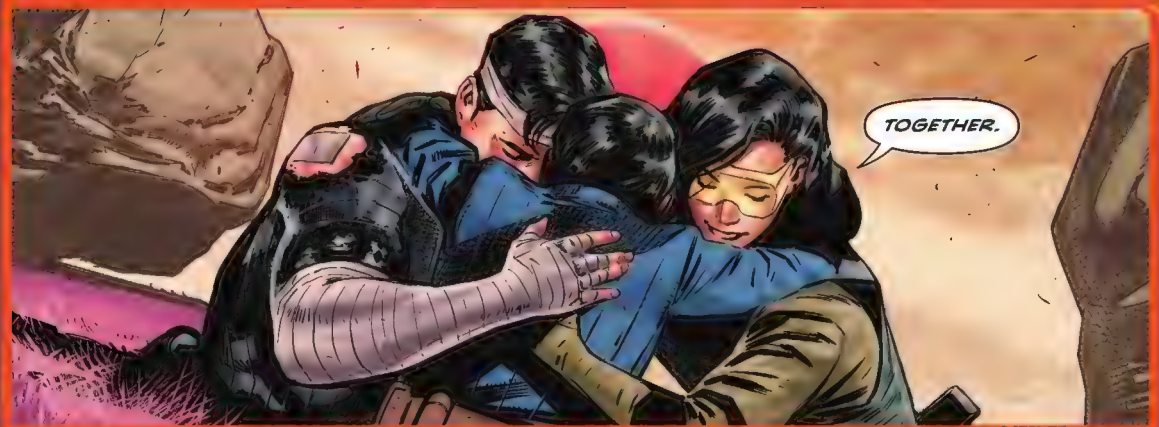
ARE YOU
OKAY?



OH, KAL,
I'M SORRY.
I'M SO *SORRY*
MY SON.

YOUR
FATHER'S GOING
TO BE FINE,
KAL. WE'RE ALL
GOING TO BE
ALL RIGHT.

JOR,
WHATEVER
THIS IS, WE'LL
GET THROUGH IT
THE WAY WE
ALWAYS DO.



TOGETHER.



NEXT:
SUPERMAN VS.
LOIS LANE!

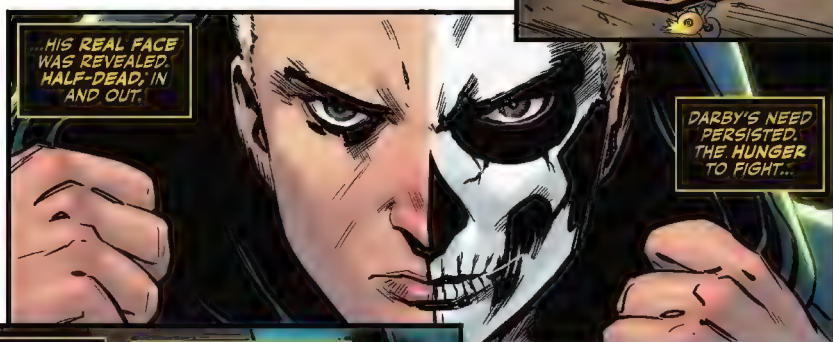
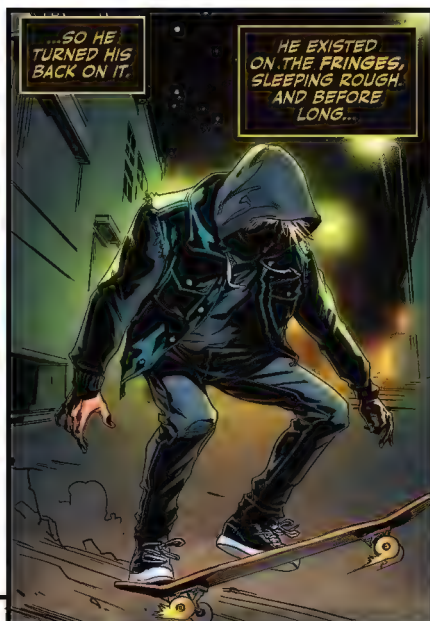
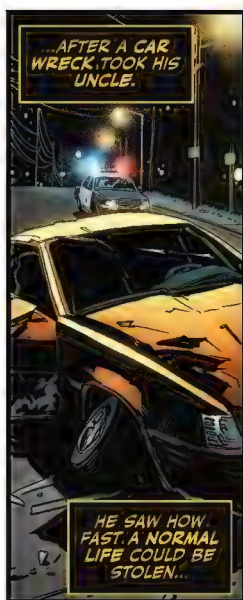
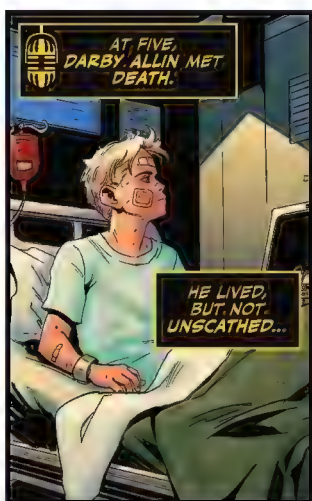


LIVING
TO
DIE!



AEW
PRESENTS

DARBY ALLIN

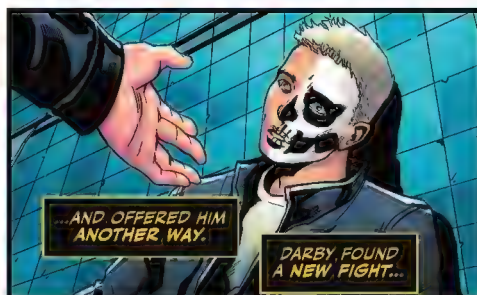




...UNTIL THE MAN CALLED

STING!

AN ICON, A VIGILANTE,
A MENTOR. STING
PULLED DARBY FROM
THE UNDERWORLD...



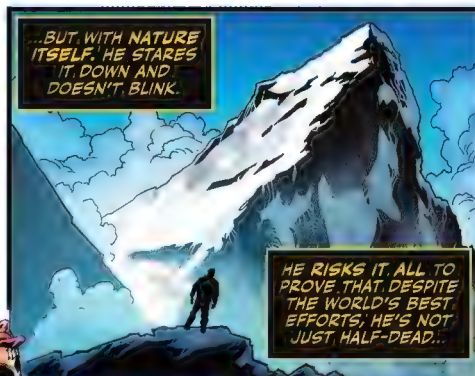
...AND OFFERED HIM
ANOTHER WAY.

DARBY FOUND
A NEW FIGHT...



...IN THE
ARENA,
AND OUT
OF IT.

HE'S STILL
PICKING
FIGHTS, NOT
JUST WITH
MEN...



...BUT, WITH NATURE
ITSELF, HE STARES
IT DOWN AND
DOESN'T BLINK.

HE RISKS IT ALL TO
PROVE THAT, DESPITE
THE WORLD'S BEST
EFFORTS, HE'S NOT
JUST HALF-DEAD...



...HE'S HALF-ALIVE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...

**Darby
Allin!**

STEVE ORLANDO WRITER
POP MHAN ARTIST
HI-FI COLORS
JOSH REED LETTERS
MICHAEL MCALISTER EDITOR



AEW
DYNAMITE
fbs
WEDNESDAYS AT 8/7C

AEW
RAMPAGE
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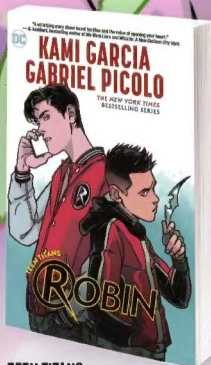
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for young adults

NOVEMBER

ALL IN

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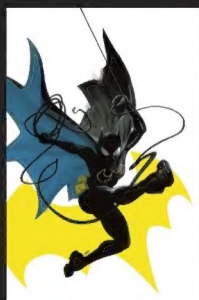
HERE'S YOUR GUIDE TO DC ALL IN THIS NOVEMBER:



Absolute Superman #1
cover by Rafa Sandoval



Justice League Unlimited #1
cover by Dan Mora



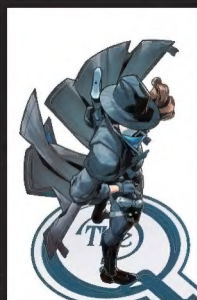
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Black Lightning #1
cover by Fico Ossio



The Question: All Along the Watchtower #1
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The Last Kryptonian-DCP

